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hearty encores from the public, the most flattering encomiums from the press. One paper says: "Signor Brignoli sang a ballad by Mr. Hailton, entitled 'Good bye, sweetheart, good bye,' with great beauty, enunciating the English words neatly and effectively. It was a gem of the evening, and came in for repetition, as a matter of course."

The public are beginning to look anxiously for the appearance of this fine company in this city, on the occasion of the inauguration of Steinway & Sons New Concert Hall.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

These pleasant evidences of histrionic and vocal accomplishment, continue to attract favorable regard from our amusement-seeking population, and their popularity increases rapidly, as their intrinsic excellence becomes more widely appreciated. Mrs. Paul is marvellously gifted with imitative faculty and uses her command of three voices with masterly skill, in delineation of character and close attainment of vocal semblance, bringing out clearly every trait and lineament of the original's voice and use of it for execution, display of taste, sentiment or comicality. Jenny Lind's most taking vocal feats were ventriloquial and if Mrs. Paul solely cultivates that style of vocalization to captivate her public, she but follows a distinguished exemplar in a lucrative—if mistaken path—to fame, and excitement of enthusiasm with the masses. Her dual performance on Monday surpassed any precedent in this country, and her performance *a la mode de Sims Reeves* of his pet songs. "Come into the Garden—Maude" and "My pretty Jane," equalled—that is sufficient ecomium—her perfect imitation of two other sentimental airs much affected by him.

We can readily credit the statement of Mrs. Paul's high estimation in English Opera when Miss Featherstone, for she evinces in combination with marvellous vocal means, the school, taste, and true method of a well trained artist, who is moreover endowed with rare dramatic aptitude to give her music color, just, pleasing and expressive. We commend their entertainments to all lovers of real excellence in the artistic department selected for public gratification and feel assured that no one will regret having witnessed such realization of well imagined objects.

HARTZ'S ILLUSIONS.

The latest wonder in the magical line known to New York is Mr. Hartz, who at Irving and Dodworth Halls, the latter being his present show place—has puzzled experts and those professing to perform tricks of magic and vision cheating, with his neat, smooth, yet marvellous accomplishment of many extraordinary

feats, the perfect attainment of which requires a rare combination of artistic qualifications.

Those who have not yet witnessed his really admirable performances and take an interest in such evidences of skillful device and execution, would derive not a little enjoyment and satisfaction from attendance upon his soirees or Saturday matinees. We can vouch from personal examination of his several illusions; that he equals any preceding exhibition of apparent triumph over nature and her immutable laws. His parlance and seeming explanations of the *modus operandi* for his manipulations or living head movement are clever, and smoothly given, so as to propitiate that public he desires to amuse.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Three Concerts will be given on Sunday evening next, and their programmes may be inferred from notices in our advertising columns, and preceding exhibitions in those places, which are now so popular.

MATTERS THEATRICAL.

Out again once more into the bustle and glare of the theatres! Of a verity, gentle reader mine, an absence of six weeks has worked great changes in the theoretic horizon, on every side I find novelty and in many places rare excellence, and then after a long illness everything wears such a *cœur de rose* appearance that one is apt to pass over small faults that heretofore would have called for sharp comment from the critical pen, and view them with a more lenient and forgiving eye. Not least among the pleasures of convalescence, is the delight of being able to renew the pleasant little chats with one's readers about matters and things in the theatrical world. So with renewed energy and with the hope of pleasing thee, fair reader, "Shugge" once more renews his labors.

"Our American Cousin" was performed at the Olympic on Thursday evening of last week, before a crowded audience. The play is rather *passe*, and were it not for the exquisite acting of Mr. Jefferson, and one or two others of the company, would excite but little interest, as it is, there is little probability that it will keep the stage for any length of time; to tell the truth, it is more associated in the minds of the people with the fine acting of Jefferson, Sothern, Coulcock, Peters, Laura Keene and Sara Stevens, than from any real dramatic excellence, being one of the poorest of Tom Taylor's many productions. Asa Trenchard is little more than a wild Indian, and Lord Dundreary one of the most helpless of imbeciles, the two parts are very amusing as caricatures, and never fail to excite a hearty laugh, but in comedy caricatures are out of place, and we would prefer having our risibilities excited by wit, instead of burlesque. Mr. Jefferson's Asa Trenchard is too well known to need comment at this late day, it is a charming and delicious piece of acting, the gentleman doing everything in his power to make Asa a civilized human being, and not the wild, untamed Yankee that Tom Taylor has drawn.

Mr. C. Vandenhoff's Dundreary is a weak imitation of Sothern's glorious rendering of the same part, and calls for but little praise.

Mr. Stoddart's Abel Murcott is well conceived and strongly acted, but he is not equal to Coulcock in the same character.

Mr. Peters is the same pompous, important and irresistibly droll Binney that we were wont to laugh at in years gone by.

Miss Caroline Carson (a new name to New York theatre-goers) is a very pleasing Florence Trenchard, being graceful in manner and possessing a style free from affectation.

Miss Kate Newton's Mary Meredith is pretty, but O! what a great falling off from Sara Stevens' charming piquancy in the innocent little maid.

The play is well put upon the stage, the dairy scene being particularly noticeable for its picturesque arrangement.

"The Fast Family" still holds the stage at Wallack's, with all its exquisiteness of detail and consummate acting, but is being alternated this week with Dr. Westland Marston's new comedy, "The Favorite of Fortune," which was produced on Monday evening in good style. I shall notice it in full next week.

The Buislay family closed a successful engagement at the Winter Garden last Saturday, and on Monday evening of this week, Miss Davenport (Mrs. Gen. Lander) made her first appearance in some years, as Adrienne Lecouvre, eliciting great and well merited approbation for her personation of that character.

Mr. Hackett also closed at the Broadway Theatre last Saturday, after having given unbounded delight and satisfaction as the obese Falstaff. This week we are to have the ever charming and blooming Miss Maggie Mitchell, as the "Pearl of Savoy," one of her sweetest parts.

Ristori is still electrifying New York with her magnificent acting.

The "Black Crook," with its magnificent scenery and *leger* costuming, is turning the heads of all the fast young men in town, and so we are getting fairly into the vortex of theatrical excitement of the winter season.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

A right pleasant collection of pictures is that of the "Crosby Opera House Association" now on exhibition at the Derby Gallery. In glancing through the rooms, the eye is met on almost every side by pictures of marked excellence—to be sure a few black sheep, in the shape of inferior works of art, have managed to creep into the exhibition; but we have not arrived at the art millenium as yet, so that it is hardly reasonable to expect a thoroughly perfect collection of pictures. The white sheep, however, far out-number the black on the walls of the Derby Gallery, and among the whitest of the white, I would call attention to Rosenberg's "Caravan overtaken by a Sand Storm" and Gignoux's "Alpine Scenery," two really great pictures. In the first, the painter has depicted one of the grandest, and at the same time most terrible, effects in nature. The scudding, overwhelming movement of the sand, the affrighted actions of man and horse, the camels with their nostrils thrust into the earth to protect

them from the fury of the approaching simoon, the sickly, lurid glare of the sun, are all given to the life, and entitle Mr. Rosenberg to a high place among American painters. This is the gentleman's most important work, and is far in advance of any of his previous efforts—there is a greater freedom and breadth of coloring running throughout the whole picture than I have yet seen from his brush—and the entire work gives good promise of future excellence. Taken altogether, not alone for its brilliancy of execution, but for the uniqueness of the subject, this is, without a doubt, the gem of the collection.

Next, in point of excellence, to the "Sand Storm" is Gignoux's "Alpine Scenery"—one of those strong, vivid landscapes in which Mr. Gignoux delights, and, than whom, few painters are better able to represent—there is a tone of sunlight and transparency throughout the entire work that is perfectly delicious.

"Envy," by L. Hiddeman, is a happily conceived picture of publican life, painted with all the careful delicacy of the German School.

"The Gamesters" is another work of the same school by E. M. Welb, and is brim full of character.

"The Happy Dream," by P. Huntington, is a delightful little cabinet picture, full of sweet, rich color, and moreover one of the most charmingly conceived works that we have had from Mr. Huntington's brush for many a day.

"The Distinguished Guest," by J. B. Irving, contains some excellent drapery painting, while the whole idea of the picture is well carried out. The dignified, self-conceited air of the guest, and the cringing obsequiousness of the lackey, are admirably depicted.

"Hay Making," by R. W. Hubbard, is a sweetly sunny picture, breathing the pure air of the country from every inch of the canvass.

But oh, what a very black sheep crept in among the flock when Cropsey's "American Autumn" was hung on the walls of the "Crosby Opera House Art Association"! Some few years back Mr. Cropsey ranked high among American painters; but latterly he has been retrograding sadly, and all through his fear of color. Now here is a picture in which the greatest chances are offered for rich, brilliant coloring, and what has Mr. Cropsey given us? A tame, weak picture that might have been painted by the merest tyro—good enough in drawing and composition, but utterly failing in the glowing color and rich atmospheric effect for which our American Autumns are so celebrated. It is hard to speak thus of a painter of so good repute as Mr. Cropsey; it is done in no spirit of caviling, however, but rather with the hope that he may be brought to see his, at present, great fault and remedy it. Mr. Cropsey is capable of doing much better things, and it is sad to see him wasting time and energy on such indifferent pictures as the "American Autumn" and other works which he has lately given us.

There is an exhibition, at Schaus' Gallery, a new picture by T. Buchanan Read, the "poet artist," entitled "Love's Beacon," which, for richness of coloring and poetic sentiment, is worthy of great praise. It is the old story of Hero and Leander, and the moment of action is the fatal night on which the luckless Leander, while swimming the Hellespont to meet his lady love, meets, instead, with a very wet death. Hero is standing on the shore, while, above her, Cupid, the "naughty little boy," is holding the "beacon of love." The effect of light, from the

torch, falling on the two figures is beautifully rendered, while the figures themselves are exquisitely painted. There are a few little faults in drawing here and there, but they are not of sufficient consequence to detract from the general excellence of the picture, which is one of those attractive works of art which one longs to linger over, taking in its many beauties and subtle sentiment.

There is also on exhibition at Schaus' a fine bust, in marble, by Cordier,—"La Bella Trasteverina"—a noble, Juno-like maiden, who looks "every inch a Roman." The haughty, imperious face, the determined expression of the mouth, and the dignified, defiant toss of the head are all admirably rendered. Mr. Cordier has also succeeded wonderfully in giving the texture of the skin a natural, life like appearance; this is the great stumbling block with most sculptors, but Mr. Cordier has successfully surmounted the obstacle, and the consequence is a magnificent bust.

Save at and during the exhibition of the National Academy, the general public hear or see very little of the works of our painters, and it is a good thing for art and artists that the fruit of their labors should be more generally known. With this object in view, I propose, during the ensuing week, to visit the different studios and report on the summer labors of their occupants.

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"WHO BREAKS PAYS" is the title of a charming novel just published by Messrs. Leybold & Holt, and is a very readable and enjoyable book. It is the story of a coquettish maiden who after breaking many hearts is eventually shot by an accidental discharge of firearms. The style is fresh and vigorous and at times exceedingly piquant, while the dainty get up of the book reflects great credit on its enterprising publishers.

"SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN," by F. B. CARPENTER. Published by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON.

Mr. Carpenter is a New York artist who will be remembered as having painted a portrait of the late President submitting the celebrated Emancipation Proclamation to the Cabinet. Mr. Carpenter spent six weeks at the White House, a room having been fitted up in which he received his distinguished sitters. Being of an enthusiastic temperament, and fully sympathising with Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery policy, he became ambitious not only to present the President on canvass, but to hand him down to posterity in book form. With this object in view he has written and published "Six Months in the White House," which is little more nor less than a collection of the stories, puns and witty sayings of the lamented chief magistrate. As a collection of the quaint oddities of a great but peculiar man, the book is valuable, but further than this little can be said in its praise.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish on the 1st of January the initial number of the "RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE," a new monthly for the little folks. Hows has designed for it a beautiful and brilliant cover to be printed in colors, and the literary and art matter promises to be everything that can be desired.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for October, is published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and contains the usual amount of entertaining and instructive matter for the young, besides some excellent

drawings by Harrison Weir, Hopper, and other well-known artists.

SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

Where are you, oh my summer days, that were so sweet, that faded into such a glory of dreams? The last red leaves are falling on the dear far-off hills, and I have left the last landmark in my homeward journey far behind. As long as I could see upon the horizon one billowy swell of blue, I knew that they were there, and my heart was at home—but dimmer and farther they paled away, and were gone, and the autumn sky was strange and lonely, with no mountain crests to bound its world of blue. The warm sun shines into my city room,—the same that slanted into the tiny chamber under the eaves,—and I love it, because it shines too on the big rounding Dome, and on the long Alandor chain, and on Sunset Hill, that seems so lonely in my fancy, since we have gone. Only this golden sunshine is the same, when the wide glory of the sky is closed away by roofs and spires; and its dazzling spreads around me like a spell, and draws me back into my dear land of Beulah, into my mountain nest, my home, am sitting again under the two old maples by the roadside, and the leaves, all brown and golden and scarlet, drift and eddy around me, and waver softly downward on the warm still air. The brown sheaves are piled in the cornfield close at hand, and that ploughed hillside is green with springing wheat. Far and dreamy comes the calling of the crows, and about the old stone fence, the little ground squirrels slip in and out, and watch me with their bright eyes. On the soft October air comes a waft of summer sweetness, and the summer dreams and fancies wander back again, and ask for one more look, one smile, one sigh, before they fade away and are forgotten.

Then the shadowy faces that looked into my summer world, pass by me with the light wind, and the falling leaves. How many they are!—Some half forgotten,—some that claim a smile, and some a sneer; two or three to cherish in dreams and in wakings; that live in my winters and summers alike. This merry, mocking vision, that comes in a puff of blue Indian incense, is the first of the long train; and for an instant two wavy bright eyes hold mine with a strange glitter, before they fade away into the mist forever. And the grey-eyed, laughing Mephistopheles goes back into the shades—a phantom like the rest—and only the fragrant smoke wreathes from his pipe linger on the sunshine.

Who is this with the clear, chiselled face, under the shadow of the grey sombrero? He sang "Juniata" in the moonlight nights, and broke our hearts with the passion in "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true." With him, comes Marguerite, with the brown eyes and the sunny hair; and in the same vanishing mist, bend Catharine's blushes, between her raven ringlets. They pass with a dying strain of music, and look into my dreams no more.

A wild face flashes over the rest, and is gone; a gleam of passion, fierce and reckless, glances on me from the strange eyes, whose blue holds a shade of purple, deep as an Alpine violet. It comes and goes like the lurid flash over a blackening cloud, and leaves a strange hush behind it, and a trouble in the air, like the first dim mutterings of a tropic storm. The strange face passes through my dream in a wild whirl, and the air